

Fuck me if I'm wrong by Ellstra

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Summary:

Billy makes an unfortunate bet.

Fuck me if I'm wrong

Author's Note:

I don't even know. This is just smut interspersed with sarcasm, don't expect anything deep (except for Billy's throat, if you know what I mean.)

“I’ll suck your dick if I’m wrong.”

Back then, when he was drunk and Harrington was so damn hot when they were fighting, it seemed like the smartest, most shocking thing Billy could say. It definitely did catch Harrington unaware. But only for a split second. Then - because he was drunk too and who in their right mind would refuse a blowjob, right? - Harrington nodded.

“Deal.”

It was a disaster. Billy didn’t remember what started the argument, but he knew that by the time they reached this horrendous exchange, nearly the whole party was listening to them. He shouldn’t have gone there. There was so much pent-up rage and frustration bubbling within him now that he didn’t dare take his anger out on Max, and he shouldn’t have been in the proximity of golden boy Steve Harrington who kept Billy up at night. (It was the good kind of being kept up at night, which was a lot better than the bad kind that his father evoked.) Golden boy Steve Harrington was just too much of a distraction.

The thing they fought about was so dumb too. For some reason, they were discussing ancient Roman emperors, no doubt after Billy’s brain decided to spit out some extremely witty remark about Harrington’s looks. They were talking about Roman emperors, and somehow Harrington was a history nerd in hiding who knew his Roman Emperors. And Billy was slightly more drunk, and knew slightly less, and that was how he ended up here.

Billy was washing the dishes, hungover as shit, and he kept oscillating between being thrilled and terrified. He wanted to suck Harrington’s dick and other things, sure, but he wanted it a little too

much. That was the dangerous part. He was afraid that he wouldn't be able to keep up the pretense of hating blowing Harrington. He was screwed.

It was Sunday afternoon. His father and Susan had fucked off to some city or another, unable to stand the stench of the hole that was Hawkins, Indiana, leaving Billy in charge of Max. Billy was to drive her to the Arcade - the princess wanted to go to the Arcade and who cared whether he had time to drive her? (He did; he never really had anything to do, not in this fucking town where everyone knew him and everyone could tell his shitbag of a father what he was doing.) It would be a boring afternoon, like all of them were.

He didn't have to tell Max to hurry up when it was time to drive downtown - she was already waiting by the door, her skateboard under one arm. Billy had no fucking idea why she carried that thing around all the time - as if she was going to skate among the pathetic gambling machines. She was just trying to impress boys, like that little shit, Sinclair. Billy hated her for being allowed to impress boys. He wanted to impress boys too.

He didn't tell her that he found her dumb. It wasn't his place to say anything like that, not anymore. So he turned his music up and drowned his anger in it. He was wearing sunglasses, the sun too bright for his liking. He caught a glimpse of Max rolling her eyes and he muttered an insult and gripped the steering wheel tighter.

He dropped Max off in front of the Arcade and turned the car around, intending to just drive aimlessly for the three hours he gave her, to pity himself and smoke a pack of cigarettes or maybe the weed he still hid in his glove compartment, the precious Cali weed, last memory of the real world where actual life happened. Tires screeching, he saw people staring at him. Good. Let them stare. Let them think he's an idiot, a brat. Let them think whatever they want. They already do that, judging him for things he can't influence, things he didn't choose. Let them have an actual reason to hate him.

And just as he was about to drive away, he caught a glimpse of a familiar car parked across the lot. Harrington. Golden boy Harrington taking care of his young. Golden boy Harrington, the dream of every mother, a model citizen. Perfect king Steve.

Billy hated him. He wanted to smash Harrington's face in again, wanted to punch him until he begged for mercy. But more than that, he wanted to curl into Harrington's arms and cry, tell him about all the fucked up things, about the guilt and the fear and the anger, and all the pain. He wanted Harrington to pat him on the shoulder and kiss his worries away. He was fucking pathetic.

Billy changed his mind again. The opportunity was just as good as any, and he was angry and frustrated, and maybe if he sucked Steve Harrington's golden cock, he'd hate it and finally get over his dumb attraction. He wasn't exactly convinced of it, not after he'd seen the thing so many times in the shower, but since he'd spent months fantasizing about it, it can't be as good as he imagined it to be, right? It was worth a try. He took off his sunglasses and tossed them onto the dashboard.

He parked the car and got out of it. He hadn't paid much attention to his appearance this morning, thinking he wouldn't have to face anyone, but he supposed Harrington didn't care anyway. He walked over to Harrington's car and the window rolled down before he had a chance to knock on it.

"Hello, Hargrove," Harrington muttered, "what brings you here on this lovely Sunday afternoon?"

"I owe you something," Billy shrugged, proud of the finesse he managed to put into the small movement of his shoulders. "And I keep my promises, you know."

Harrington frowned, as if he forgot. Billy felt insulted. How could the fucker forget?! Then it dawned on him - Billy could see the realisation in his eyes. Maybe he was just imagining it but it sure as hell looked like Harrington flushed. Billy raised one corner of his mouth. Nice.

"Forget it," Harrington muttered and okay, he was definitely embarrassed now, "We were both drunk."

"And give you the opportunity to tell everyone I am a liar who doesn't keep his word? I don't think so."

“Do you actually want to blow me?” Harrington asked. Shit. Well.

“Don’t flatter yourself,” Billy spat.

“Then what’s your deal?”

Billy didn’t have an answer to that. He did want to blow Harrington, after all, and he was not going to say that, and he could not, for the life of him, come up with a believable lie.

“I’ll be in the men’s room,” he said, graciously ignoring Harrington’s question, “and I’ll wait for fifteen minutes, tops. Meet me there if you want. Stay here if you’re a chicken.”

Billy parted his lips and let his tongue stick out for just a second. He caught Harrington’s eyes staring at his mouth, then quickly dart away. Gotcha. He smiled, and turned around with a wink, swaying his hips as he went. His heart was beating so fast it was almost painful.

Max glared at him as he passed her on his search for the restroom but he ignored her. Her little friends were nowhere to be found. Billy wouldn’t want to bump into them in the bathroom, that could be pretty awkward. Fortunately, there wasn’t anyone, just hundreds of little memorabilia of times long passed scratched or written on the walls - dozens of little hands that felt the need to make their mark on the world.

Billy checked himself in the mirror, fluffed up his hair, adjusted his shirt, his pants. He was so nervous, like a virgin, like he’s never done this before. *I’ve never cared so much before*, he thought, and wanted to slap himself for it. He didn’t care about Harrington. Yes, he was hotter than all of Billy’s hook-ups. And yes, Billy had wanted him for months. But how could he not? Harrington was the only guy in this dumb town who was worth any attention. It was actually kind of depressing.

The door opened. Billy jerked, startled, turning to it, but it was just some random kid. Billy glared at him, warning him not to try anything, and the kid disappeared in one of the stalls. Billy felt odd, perverse satisfaction at that.

The kid was out in a second, looking back over his shoulder, as if expecting Billy to kick him or something. Billy almost did, wanted to. He looked at his watch - Harrington's fifteen minutes were almost up. Did Billy misjudge the situation and only made a fool of himself? He was so sure about this, so sure that Harrington wouldn't miss the opportunity to degrade him. Or maybe he simply wanted it too much, and let it cloud his judgement. Frustrated, angry, Billy balled his hand into a fist and raised it, ready to punch the mirror or the sink.

"Now, now, Hargrove, do you always throw a tantrum when you're kept waiting?"

Billy dropped his hand and composed his face into something he hoped was a carefree snarky smile.

"Just when it seems I got stood up by a pretty boy like you," he replied, "guess I was wrong."

Billy took two steps closer to Harrington, holding his head high, chin up. He was slightly shorter - he'd noticed that before, at basketball practice - but he didn't let it affect him. He raised an eyebrow, licked his lower lip.

"So what? Are we just going to ignore the chemistry and stare at each other or what?" Billy asked.

"Do you really want to give me head in a bathroom of the Arcade?" Harrington asked.

"What? Are you scared?" Billy mocked. In fact, he was terrified. But he wasn't going to admit that. Besides, he didn't know where to take this anyway.

"I just thought I might enjoy it better somewhere private. Somewhere I don't have to worry about being quiet."

Was Harrington implying that he was loud during sex? God, Billy loved it when they were loud.

"In that case, may I offer you a ride in my car?"

"God, you're really eager about this. Letting me inside your car?"

That's almost a love confession," Harrington mocked him. Billy wanted to punch him in his pretty face, or kick him in the balls.

"Don't fool yourself, I just don't like being in cars someone else is driving."

Billy pushed past Harrington to the door, elbowing him in the ribs for good measure, and walked through the narrow aisle between the machines, kids' yelling surrounding him. He wasn't sure if Harrington followed him but he didn't look back to check. He must have, for when Billy left the Arcade, Harrington was right beside him.

Billy led the way to his car, swaying his hips a little too much. He glanced over his shoulder and smirked when he caught Harrington staring at his ass.

"What? Was I not supposed to look?" Harrington asked.

"Of course you were," Billy replied, opening the front door of his car, "hop on, pretty boy."

"One would think we're going on a date," Harrington pointed out, "All that's missing are some flowers."

"I'll pick you some flowers if you want," Billy said and started the car. The music came on too and Harrington flinched. Billy laughed and drove out of the parking lot, tires screeching. He was getting high on adrenaline, and growing bolder. His right hand slipped onto Harrington's knee, fingers tapping to the rhythm of Scorpions. He knew the album by heart at this point, the cassette was threatening to fall apart from overuse.

"My opinion of you is improved a little by your taste in music," Harrington pointed out. Billy was surprised.

"Wouldn't take you for a rock fan," he said, "I thought you'd like the trash that's played on the radio."

"I do, some of it," Harrington admitted, "it's not all bad."

"If you say so," Billy shrugged. He drove off the road into the forest, stopped. His heart was beating fast and he was suddenly unsure of

how to proceed. *Still loving you* came on and Billy looked up, certain that he was blushing now.

"Come on, onto the backseat," he said, sounding more confident than he felt. He didn't wait for Harrington's reaction and got out of the car. He was nervous, craving a cigarette. His fingers shook. Harrington got out of the car too and they stared at each other over the roof.

"Have you ever done this before?" Harrington asked.

"Of course," Billy spat, "do I look like a virgin?"

"Then why are you so nervous?" Harrington asked with a raised eyebrow.

"It enhances the experience. Now shut up and get inside. I don't have all day for you."

"How about you let me decide how this is going to go?" Harrington asked, "It is, after all, my prize for being right."

Billy was unsure if he found it exciting or terrifying. Probably both.

He was getting hard.

"Your wish is my command," he said and curtsied mockingly. Harrington walked over to him. Klaus Meine was still singing about love; Harrington laid a hand at the back of Billy's head, pulled at his hair just enough to let Billy know he was there. The pressure changed and Billy fell onto his knees, his face unbearably hot. Harrington undid the zipper of his pants, pulled his cock out of his underwear. Billy was satisfied to see it stiffening already.

"Show me what you've got," Harrington rasped and guided the head of his cock to Billy's mouth. Billy parted his lips and wrapped them around Harrington's dick, just behind the head. He licked the slit, playing with the head. He hadn't done this in ages and he wasn't sure if it was safe to take more, but Harrington's insistent hand thought otherwise. Billy let Harrington slip his dick deeper inside his mouth, his throat. He had known that Harrington was well-endowed but he definitely didn't take into consideration the size it would be when

hard.

Sucking off Steve Harrington was overwhelming and mind-blowing. Billy forgot his surroundings, forgot everything, save for the piece of Harrington he was allowed to touch. It was just as good as had Billy expected, unfortunately. He could hear the small grunts and moans that escaped Harrington's mouth, and they grew louder as the grip on the back of Billy's head tightened, as the rhythm Harrington had picked broke into a frantic search for release. Billy forced himself to relax, letting Harrington fuck his mouth to completion. He opened his eyes and looked up, watching Harrington's face turn into a grimace when he cried out. Billy could feel Harrington's come hit the back of his throat; he gagged, his mouth convulsing around Harrington's cock and Harrington moaned again. Feeling on top of the world, Billy decided to be a little shit, and he pulled away, dragging his teeth along the length of Harrington's sensitive dick. Harrington hissed and tipped Billy's head back, his cock slipping from Billy's mouth with a rather obscene plop.

"You ruined a rather nice blowjob, you psycho," Harrington said and pulled Billy's hair a little more. *God this feels good.* Billy sighed, his pants painfully tight.

"Drive me back now," Harrington said, letting go of Billy's hair. He tugged his cock in his pants and fixed his - perfect, always perfect - hair. Billy stayed kneeling on the ground and put on his best puppy eyes.

"Aren't you going to take care of me too?" He asked.

"I don't remember that being part of the bet," Harrington said coldly, but he didn't turn away. *It's just a game,* Billy thought, *he just wants to play.*

"But you're golden boy Steve Harrington, you wouldn't let someone suffer," Billy said sweetly, "not even someone you hate, right? Or is your reputation gained unfairly?"

"You asshole," Harrington muttered and walked up to Billy, so close his crotch was almost touching the tip of Billy's nose. "Do you always get what you want?"

Not at all, Billy thought, *not at all*, my dear.

"Just when I really want something," he said, smiled broadly, the charming smile that disarmed middle-aged ladies. Harrington rolled his eyes. And pressed the worn out heel of his converse to Billy's crotch. Billy forgot to breathe for a while.

"Uuumph," he whimpered, eyes falling shut, "I love you, Harrington."

The pressure on his crotch ceased for a while, then appeared again. Billy's lips parted of their own volition, his tongue sticking out to wet them.

"You're disgusting," Harrington uttered but his foot said otherwise. Billy moved his lap to meet it, getting close, so close, and he'd definitely come in his jeans and it will show-

"Good thing you're so pretty," Billy murmured, and then he was coming, Harrington's foot coaxed all the remnants of pleasure from him, milking him dry. Billy threw his head back, and the second he caught his breath he laughed, maniacally, happily, ecstatically. Harrington pulled away from him, watching him wearily like he would a wild animal.

"That was fun," Billy said and wiped his mouth obscenely with the back of his hand. He stood up; his knees were damp and dirty, the front of his pants a mess. His come was drying uncomfortably on his skin.

"You're better than I expected, I've got to admit," said Harrington, sitting down into the car like he fucking owned it. Billy slipped behind the wheel, turned the tape over and *Bad Boys Running Wild* filled the car. Harrington smiled.

"You know, maybe we should hang out sometimes," Billy suggested, and hated his heart for beating so fast. *Stupid body, be still, I'm not fucking proposing to him.*

"Really? So you don't want to smash my face in anymore?" Harrington muttered.

“We should hang out so that I can smash your face in,” Billy shrugged, “if that’s what you want.”

“Are you asking me out?”

“Excuse you, I’m asking you in.”

Harrington laughed, and Billy was mad at himself for feeling pleased about it.

“Well, in that case, I’ll consider it,” Harrington chuckled, “should I get heavier boots for next time?”

“Aren’t you bold, Harrington?” Billy laughed. He pulled up in the parking lot of the Arcade.

“The boldest,” Harrington nodded, “thanks for the ride.”

He got out of the car.

“Everything for you,” Billy called after him before the door closed between them. Then, from a sudden burst of inspiration, he added: “Steve.”

The door slammed shut and Harrington showed him a middle finger. Billy grinned and raised his own.

“Blow me, Harrington,” he mumbled and lit a cigarette.

Well, that went both well and catastrophically.

Billy’s life was full of contradictions.

Author's Note:

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